

(**Warning:** This story contains female muscle, male muscle, and graphic sexual content)

Training ground 35° was not one Ino frequented often. At least, not by herself. She would always frequent the training grounds with her teams or other friends, the rest of her training was done in her own home under the instruction of her father or other more experienced Yamanaka. Mental techniques weren't something she could practice with anyone outside of her own clan.

Currently, she was on an errand from Kurenai-sensei who told her she needed to find Kiba for her while she was busy with other business. What those businesses were she did not know, not that she thought she'd be privy to. A jonin like Kurenei always had assignments that were on a need-to-know basis.

It did not take her long to find him, as Kurenai gave her precise instructions on where he'd be training. Ino hadn't really thought about Kiba much before, they were part of the same circle of friends but they did not really hang out except when they were in a group, so she couldn't say they were very close. Trusted comrades definitely, but not the closest of friends.

She supposed Kiba was good-looking in a rugged feral kind of way, his clan was known for those traits after all so they made it work. But he wasn't her type.

She spotted Kiba swiping his hands in a claw-like gesture at a tree, the trunk of which was marked with *countless* scratches that had bore so deeply into it that it looked like a good chuck had been carved out by the vicious mauling.

Yeesh, considering how Kiba could turn into a spinning blender of sharp nails that tore everything in its path, she shouldn't be surprised he was capable of something like this with his bare hands.

He was staring at said hands with a growing smirk, showing his sharp incisors. "Heh... getting stronger by the second. It's just like she said" He mused to himself as he clenched his fists so tight they shook.

It said a lot about how distracted he was, given his famed senses, that he still didn't pay attention to Ino even as she approached.

"Um," Ino cleared her throat. "Kiba?"

His head snapped at her, kinda like a surprised dog fittingly. He looked at her with surprise and a grin. "Heeey, Ino. Good to see you here" His smile widened ever so slightly. "You're looking *great*"

What was that about?

"Mh-hmm," Ino quirked a brow. Was he trying to flirt with her? He'd have to try better than that. "Hey, Kurenai-sensei sent me to look for you?"

"Oh?" He tilted his head but otherwise did not look surprised. "She did huh?" His tone was... odd.

"Yeah, I'm not sure what she wants"

"Oh, I can hazard a guess" He muttered as he stepped closer to the Yamanaka. He began sniffing her, usually, she'd call him out on this behavior but Inuzuka did stuff like that often. "Yeah... Yeah, I can definitely tell why she sent *you*" There it was again, that wild green.

Okay, now she was getting creeped out.

"What are you talking about?"

"You smell..." A hot breath escaped his lips, "*fucking amazing*"

"I... thanks?" She took a small step back. "It's a fruit-based perfume"

"Not that" He shook his head, "Just... *you*. All of you. Your natural scent. Ugh it's really tugging at my nose, feels intoxicating"

What the hell was going on here?

"Kiba, you have five seconds to explain yourself before I kick your ass for acting like a perve"
Her eyes narrowed dangerously at him.

Kiba however was undeterred. He was pretty much shaking on the spot as though he was barely holding on a huge rush of energy coursing through. "It's really triggering... *my instincts*" He grunted. "Oh yeah, it's more than enough to finally make it... *wake up*"

"What do you mean?" It was only out of morbid curiosity mixed with baffled confusion that Ino asked him. "Wake *what* up?"

Kiba's smirk became as feral as possible.

"The beast inside"

He let out a long dragged-out rumbling growl.

And then he began to *change*.

The feral features Ino can pointed out before became *far more pronounced*. His fangs were sharper, the deep scowl on his brow made the lines deepen until his expression was that of a furious animal. His growls were accompanied by the sound of leather stretching, at first she thought it was from his jacket, but... there was something more.

His attire was stretching, becoming snug and fit over his frame. Ino spotted bumps emerging over the jacket and pants, the width between his shoulders seemed to be *expanding*. He... He was growing, everywhere and anywhere, he was *growing*. In height as much as volume, the cuffs of his pants slowly rose to reveal his ankles while they slowly filled out with the widening calves.

"Fuck, this is so good!" He was swearing, panting with thrill as he kept an eye closed shut. He lifted an arm and growled in pleasure at the sight of his bicep ripping through the sleeve. "Feel so fucking *strong!*" He repeated the process with the other arm, unraveling more of the sleeves as the muscles kept expanding, his forearms opened large gouges on the side of his long sleeves, while his deltoids popped through the seams and kept ripping the material apart.

Ino could only gulp at the sight, trying to comprehend what had warranted this transformation. A technique? A hereditary trait of his clan? She could barely string two thoughts together because the sight of his muscles growing larger and stronger, ripping through his clothes like paper, was making her body heat up and her legs turn into jelly...

Unlike Kiba's legs, which were thickening with *tremendous* girth, shredded his pants' fabric with ease, revealing the bulging quads rippling with cord-like muscles that popped out with a mere flex. The thighs became tree trunks of shredded flesh and reduced his pants to shorts, then they swelled even more and they became briefs. Then a speedo.

Oh gods the bulge in his crotch... it made Ino *wet*.

Kiba growled bestially and threw his arms to the side, thrusting his chest outward and making the fabric around it explode. His booming pectorals surged with might, thickening with such strength they tore the zippers of his jacket and revealed the sweaty mesh shirt underneath, clinging so tightly to his upper body that Ino could count all the individual muscles visible through the material.

He was *huge*. Enough to fit two of her, and a head taller than Ino to boot. His muscles were magnificently bulky, easily the most muscular man she had ever seen in his life.

He snarled, spit flying through his clenched teeth as he brought down his arms in a savage most muscular, causing his mountainous back to blast the remnants of his shirt, every little piece still clinging to his godlike frame fell apart and became tatters. His muscles were pulsating, rippling with engorged veins carrying hot magma through his body, fueling his power.

His body was spectacular, he throbbed with so much power... and *virility*. For another lower muscle of his was throbbing, struggling against the confines of his tattered pants that barely looked like a speedo at this point. It was lifting such a high tent she could see his *shaft and balls*.

Ino gulped, feeling her nipples harden.

It broke free, bobbling up and down, swollen and veiny. Flushed red with so much blood...

Then Kiba moaned, yet once more the sound felt like a feral growl, grabbing his cock and began *masturbating* unabashedly. His titanic arms rippled as he moved them back and forth with a tight grip. His head rolled back, pre-cum leaked from his tip. He moved with such firmness and ferocity, desperately seeking pleasure.

Ino moaned, her hand had moved on its own, settling between her shorts and skirt and rubbing the wet spot.

Kiba snarled, throwing his head back and shooting his load fiercely. Sporadic shots came loose, a pair on the grassy ground. And another on Ino's bare stomach.

The Inuzuka exhaled, panting in relief. "Fuck, sorry about that," He said without feeling any actual remorse. Indeed, he didn't seem to care he was completely naked in front of the Yamanaka, that his hard cock was still pointing at her. "You have no idea how *amazing* that felt, hehe had to take care of business right then and there~"

Ino drunkenly stared at him.

Kiba chuckled, smiling excitedly at his muscles as he struck pose after pose. "Fuck I've never felt so strong before! I bet I can finally beat Naruto up"

Ino pondered on a big Naruto, as muscular as Kiba had become. The mental image of two macho guys wrestling made her moan.

"Kiba... you..." The Yamanaka panted.

"You like, huh?" Kiba grunted, flexing his pectorals. Ino noted a thin sheet of chest hair decorating their sweaty surface. "Don't just stand there, here" He held her hand and pulled her close, enough that her nose was buried in the rigged wedge between both pecs, getting a good sniff of his musk. It was so intoxicating... "All yours, *get a good taste*" He flexed again, coxing her face.

Ino's tongue darted out of her mouth and took a good long lick of his chest. She whimpered and shuddered, this had to be what pure testosterone tasted like. Unbridled power and virility in every pore of his body. Her tongue trailed over the sinewy bumps of rigged muscles across his chest, savoring the sweat and the hot skin. Her thighs rubbed in response to the increasing arousal she felt from getting her hands all over such a *hunk*. The blonde woman's eyes rolled back as Kiba flexed his arms imperiously, widening his wing-like lats and pumping the biceps to monumental proportions. Her hands eagerly and desperately traced her fingertips all over the surface of his manly thorax, cupping the muscles and grasping the flesh as tightly as she could.

"Fuck..." Kiba gasped, feeling his rager throb painfully once more. What a turn-on it was to have a beautiful girl like Ino worship his enormous muscles, he felt like a mighty beast being

tended over by a smaller creature. The two stood to gain something from this act in a perfect symbiosis. In this case, it was the same thing, pleasure.

Gods he wanted to fuck her so hard. But he remembered Kurenai's lesson when she road him to high heaven; 'Never finish the game too early, there's plenty of fun to be had before the main event'

And so he flexed for Ino, giving her a vast playground to play with. From the thick plates of girth that were his pectorals, to the mountainous biceps and vast landscape of his back. All of which Ino lapped over with delight and animalistic desperation as though she was in heat. Making Kiba shudder as erotic waves washed over him.

Fuck he wanted to cum again, better put that skilled mouth of hers to use then~

He put his hand on her shoulder and pushed her down. Ino's mewling continued as she went on her knees, licking and kissing her way over his shredded blocks of abdominal muscle. She only stopped when she was at eye level with his engorged cock.

She looked at it with a drunken haze, marveling at this totem of virility that was Kiba's manhood. She looked up, it was almost hard to see his face over his enormous pectorals, which jutted out so much from his chest they made his nipples point downward. She spotted his wild grin, and with a low grunt, he tensed, placing his fists over his waist and flexing his powerful muscles, widening his torso and making Ino feel *so tiny* on her knees as she looked up at this behemoth.

He wanted worship? He had seen *nothing* yet.

Ino brazenly lifted his cock, enjoying the hardness in her palm and the sound of Kiba's grunts in her ears as she leaned forward and *licked* it from base to tip. She felt him shudder and *throb* as she repeated the motion over and over. Then her tongue was replaced by her lips, planting teasing kisses on the underside of his manhood, stopping over the swollen red tip. She settled her puckered lips there for a while, giving him a slow sensuous kiss.

Ever slowly, her lips parted and let him inside. Kiba gasped as his meat was slowly sheltered inside the warm wet confines of her mouth, lips brushing past the tip and over his shaft. Suckling with delight as Ino tasted Kiba's virility at its outmost.

Her head bobbed back and forth, leisurely at first, but her tempo increased with each brush of her tongue. Her motions repeated with increasing speed, the tempo kept building up more and more.

Eventually, Ino's ministrations became as wild as the tongue bath she had given the Inuzuka, and Kiba was lost in a world of ecstasy.

Her growled, clenching his teeth as he fought against an early release. Holding it in lest the world stopped flashing in colors and spinning around, he wanted to ride on this feeling as humanly possible. He kept flexing, harder still, making his muscles tense so much they were bulging even larger, with his network of veins throbbing furiously to the surface. His hips launched a few thrusts sporadically, while his balls tightened and heralded the blast.

His salty pre-cum trailed over her tongue, letting her have a treat to the main course. She kept blowing him, rubbing the wet spot on her shorts zealously as she wanted him to finally let go and fill her mouth.

And so he did.

The sounds that came from his mouth were truly animal-like. He let loose streams of pure white pleasure, relief accompanied by an overwhelming climax that felt more akin to a lightning strike. He relieved himself inside her mouth, drop after drop filling her, too much for Ino to consume at once no matter how much she swallowed.

Eventually, she had to pull away, spitting out the rest and letting the messy stream dangling from his cock fall on top of her ample bosom.

Ino cleaned herself as best as she could, giving Kiba a mocking glare with a lopsided smirk. "What a damn mess you've made..."

Kiba panted, grinning down at her. "Couldn't help it, you give the *best* head"

"Oh, have you actually had any before?"

"As a matter of fact, I did," Kiba said proudly. "Kurenai-sensei"

Ino's sense of decency was too far gone to react appropriately to that bit of news as she stood up. "Oh?"

"Yeah, she turned into this *huge* ripped thing and we went at it like animals" He said the last word with pride.

"Interesting..." Ino quickly connected the dots between Kurenai-sensei's supposed transformation and Kiba's. The jonin must have used transformation to hide her muscular frame, and she must have had the suspicion Kiba would grow too. He just needed a bit more 'incentive'

Ino licked her lips at the thought of Kiba passing her that 'condition' as well.

She couldn't say she disliked the idea.

But perhaps she should make sure.

She turned around and walked to the pond, undressing as she did so, giving Kiba a full view of her naked cum-stained body. Undoing her ponytail, Ino looked over her shoulder as she placed her hands on her hips, displaying her perfect rear to him. "You coming?" She coyly asked before jumping into the water and cleaning herself.

Kiba growled, and all but threw himself cannonball style over the pond, making a huge splash that had Ino laughing, he emerged like the soaked god he was, his muscles glistening under the moisture. The Yamanaka grinned and swaddled over to him, running her delicate hands over the massive girth of his upper body once again. Kiba tensed his muscles and flexed for her, letting the blonde beauty enjoy herself once more.

Standing on her toes, Ino's arms encircled his neck and squished her ample breasts over his hardened pecs. Kiba responded in kind by holding her waist, keeping her close as the two slowly kissed. The gesture was slow and gentle, but the underlying hot passion would not be quenched. It was not long before the kiss turned raw and desperate, their loins burning once more as their naked bodies clashed in a lustful dance.

Kiba easily lifted her by the waist, and Ino adjusted her legs around Kiba's. She grinned at him as he positioned his tool underwater, and slowly slid Ino down on him. The kunoichi moaned as Kiba impaled himself inside her, clenching tightly around his mighty member.

The deep rumble building from his chest emerged through his throat as more growls. The intensity of penetrating the smaller woman was sending Kiba into a world of pleasure. It harkened to the fantastical experience of being dominated by his amazonian teacher when the enormously built and shredded Kurenai took his virginity and mentored him in the ways of carnal pleasure.

Now he was putting those teachings to the test, in a reverse of the positions where he stood as the muscular godlike figure and Ino as his smaller partner to whom he inducted in the euphoria that was being taken by a magnificently muscular ninja brimming with power. It was so easy to lift her like she barely weighed more than a kunai. Fuck she was so tight, each thrust of his hips brought waves of unrelenting pleasure through his steel rod.

Ino for her part was crying out in utter ecstasy, eyes rolling back as her arms desperately clung around Kiba's titanic shoulders. His cock was ravaging her entrance, much to her delight, the sheer force of his gyrations would have made her gifted bosom jump, if not for the fact she was pressing tightly against the hunk's chest.

Sloppy desperate kisses brought a momentary stop to all motions, indulging in these passionate gestures, before fucking with animalistic energy once more. Ino moaned as she felt him shoot his load inside her, filling her, and she orgasmed invigorated by the all-but-confirmed knowledge that he was gifting her his strength.

"More" She growled at him in a turn she was certain Kiba would appreciate.

Before Ino knew it, she was facing down the pond's edge with her hands planted firmly over the grass. Blades were torn and ripped out as her hands squeezed into fists, biting her lip as she felt Kiba grab her rear and roughly squeeze, soft meat slipping between his fingers as he went inside her from behind.

X~X~X~X~X

As the usual ambassador to the Hidden Leaf Village, Temari had become familiar enough to tell when something was... *different* about this place. She couldn't put her finger on it, but there was something in the air that was making her instincts itch. A nagging sensation in the back of her head.

Some of her friends and acquaintances were acting strange in subtle ways. The way they communicated with each other carried greater impetus, and a sense of playfulness that hinted at 'intimacy'. Like they all were sharing a dirty little secret. And it was emboldening them.

She basically had no choice when Ino and Sakura muscled their way into her apartment for drinks. Like they owned the place and wanted to hang out there for whatever reason. Though as she voiced her suspicions, Sakura merely gave her a wry grin and produced something from her pockets.

"A soldier pill?" Temari said, setting her cup down and looking at the item in the pinkette's hand.

"Oh a bit more than that," Sakura said, twirling the pill in her hands. "It's an innovation of Konoha's, that we want to extend to our allies as a gesture of good faith"

"Okay...?" Temari slowly said. "Feels this is an official matter, why haven't I discussed it with the Hokage somewhere else?"

"Right now we're trying to keep a lid on it," Ino replied with a smile. "Oh, I'm sure it'll blow up eventually. But for now, it's fun to keep the secret~" Sakura giggled in turn, making Temari all the more confused.

"I'm... not sure what this is all about" The Sand kunoichi replied. "Can't you give me a clear answer? What does this thing do?"

"Oh better yet," Sakura said excitedly. "A demonstration!"

"Oh oh!" Ino all but bounced on her seat. "Let me, I'm *dying* to go through it!"

"Finally settled in your system huh?" Sakura's green eyes adopted a lustful edge.

Temari could only shift her gaze between the two.

"Oh yeeees" Ino was almost shivering. "I'm finally ready to bring it out"

Sakura merely leaned back and waved her hand at her friend. "Have it then"

"Yes," Ino cheered and stood up, standing a couple of feet away from the other two women.

"Um..." Temari muttered, "Is Ino supposed to do something?"

The Yamanaka in question grinned predatorily. "Just sit there... and enjoy the show"

Ino took a deep breath, the action causing her thorax to inflate. Her bosom perked up as she thrust out her chest... but it did not rescind, it was like she was holding on to her breath. Yet Temari could see the platinum blonde take deep breaths with the same effect.

Her breasts were *expanding*, pushing against the fabric of her crop top. Temari's eyes bugged out of her head as the breasts kept swelling with a leather-stretching sound, accompanied by Ino's moans. "Ohhh feels as good as I thought!"

"You would have grown by now had you taken the pill" Sakura quipped.

Temari did a double take, the soldier pill did this?!

"T-Told you there was no need," Ino grunted, the material cutting into her skin as her entire upper body began to grow. "T-Transfer of fluids already... p-puts the compound in your system!"

"Indeed," Sakura grinned. "Learned that *very* well with Hinata"

"Wanted to... get a good grasp of it on my own" Her fists clenched, and her forearms widened while her biceps *jumped* and the swelling reached her deltoids. "F-Force it on my own volition!"

The muscles on her midsection locked up, spreading various lines that separated her abdomen into multiple blocks.

Sakura licked her lips, "I approve of your impetus" They kept talking as though Temari was not present, but there was no mistaking the show was for *her* too.

Ino's legs, smooth and lean, became thick and striated. Her calves widened beyond the width of her shins as two bulbous muscles sprouted from their back, straining into the shapes of inverter hearts. The mesh around her knee began tearing under the expanse of her thighs, which kept growing to majestic results as sensuous corded groups jumped like cables, rippling with sinewy force into four large muscles.

Ino growled and ripped the skirt off her waist with a simple tug of her hand, showing the increasingly shorter shorts that were ripping as the flesh spilled. "Oh shit..." She swore, moaning in pleasure as she bit her lip. "Ahh! Feels like that day!" Her hand desperately brushed over the fabric around the wet spot in her shorts. "When Kiba *fucked me*~"

When Kiba *what*?

Temari could only watch in utter bafflement as Ino was growing into a muscular beauty worthy of a Kumo kunoichi. Gone was the lithe and athletic Konoha-nin, in her place was a shredded fighter who looked like she trained a hundred times harder than anyone, her muscles being a testament to that kind of power. She just kept growing, not just in width but in height too! Temari was a fairly tall woman herself, but now she was certain Ino got a head taller than her!

The mesh around her arms tore to pieces as her biceps burst with brimming power, palpitating and throbbing with hungry veins that coiled like snakes. Ino growled and brought up her arms in a double bicep, the motion made her top fall to pieces to reveal a purple bra with flowery accents underneath that somehow, by some miracle, still remained intact if very strained.

Two hard nipples threatened to poke right through the material, and her shorts exploded to reveal a pair of panties that looked more like a g-string at this moment, swallowed by her enormous thighs and glutes. Glistening liquid dripped between them.

"Sakura!" Ino cried out as put her hands behind her head, flexing her imposing back and flaring the enormity of her torso. Her eyes rolled back as her hips thrust reflexively in the air. "Sakura I can't- I can't hold- He-he-heeeeeelp!"

Sakura chuckled and stood up... then she *grew*. So fast and so violently her clothes exploded like confetti. Temari gasped as the pinkette ascended to another amazon much like Ino in but a couple of seconds, brimming with just as much power and muscularity. Not to mention allure.

"It's intense, huh?" Sakura said deviously and hugged the blonde from behind with tenderness and arousal at the same time. Erotically rubbing her hands over Ino's ballooning breasts before

ripping the bra off them, repeating the same with her panties. “Poor thing, you need help to *unwind*” Ino moaned loudly as two fingers shoved themselves into her entrance, while another pair tweaked her nipple and played with a breast. Sakura pleased Ino to high heaven, bringing the release she so desperately craved.

“Ohhhhhhhh!” She howled in ecstasy, showering Sakura’s hand with a deluge of her essence. Ino panted, chuckling and leaning back into Sakura’s embrace, slowly returning it as the two fondled each other. “Oh gods... it was... so MUCH better than I imagined”

Sakura merely smirked at her and drew her into a slow kiss.

Temari witnessed it all with uncomfortable wetness brewing between her legs.

It was such a vulgar display, such a brazen and devious thing to do in front of her. Like they had cast away all semblance of decency along with the memory of their smaller bodies. Even as they continued to caress each other and exchange a myriad of gentle kisses, they presented their bodies to Temari for her to witness to the fullest extent, flexing and rippling their many sinewy muscle groups to drive her insane.

And it was working. The Sand kunoichi didn’t know why but it was *working*. She looked at them and felt awe, heard their moans and grew wet, witnessed every bit of inch of striated skin on the vast landscape of their muscles and it was like a fire was spreading from the depths of her being to the tips of her fingers and toes.

She could barely string two thoughts together, it was clear they *wanted* her to eat the pill and... *transform* as they had.

But she resisted, Temari trembled as her own hand *struggled* to reach either the pill on the table or her crotch to bring desperate relief to her lower regions.

“Keep it together...” She muttered to herself. “D-Don’t lose control, you’re a shinobi...”

Her words rang hollow as her breaths came in heavy pants. Sakura and Ino continued their passionate make-out and mutual worship session, muttering words of encouragement to each other and flexing, regaling the other with the sight of their muscles pumping invitingly. Talented hands glided over the surface of the sweaty skin, and bumps of corded flesh were felt on the way, followed by kisses that came out noisy from puckered lips and long licks of their tongues over the hard muscles.

Sakura grabbed one of Ino's ample breasts and slightly leaned over while bringing it close to her mouth, capturing a hard nipple on her lips before suckling.

Ino's moan drowned out Temari's gasp, as her hand grabbed her own breasts over the fabric of her clothes. She squirmed with pleasure, twisting a nipple. Her eyes closed as she imaged what it'd be like to have that hard knob in her mouth, sucking and biting-

Her eyes widened when her teeth *bit* into something. Something solid and not particularly tasty that crumbled like bread inside her mouth. She was forced to swallow as she had separated most of it, guided by her tongue to the back of her mouth.

Her hand parted from her lips, and there she saw half of the soldier pill's remains.

No... No way...

In her addled state, she had somehow reached for the pill and *ate it*.

Her hands trembled, her quivering eyes wandered over the two amazons going at it with renewed ferocity and passion. The world was all but forgotten by them as they engaged in full coitus. Desperate, manic, unchained...

She had to get away.

Temari began running, she didn't know where all she knew was that she had to escape the apartment. She disappeared into the empty streets, the dark of night providing her a cover as she aimlessly wandered through alleyways and corners.

Her heart was drumming under her thorax, her limbs felt heavy, running was getting harder as every joint became stiff. Temari groaned under a sudden pang of pain, forcing her to lay against the cold wall of the alley. The kunoichi squeezed her eyes shut, trying to deny the invasive thoughts from overcoming her mind.

Thoughts of becoming larger, powerful, *gloriously sexy*. It felt like trying to contain an avalanche or an eruption. The latter comparison felt more apt as there was *something* inside her threatening to explode and unleash itself.

Temari *moaned* as her breasts began inflating, the old arousal returning with a vengeance as her skin tightened. She felt her flesh coil and writhe underneath her skin before *pushing out* with expansive force, forcing the fibers to multiply, break, and rebuild themselves all the stronger.

“F-Fuck!” Temari grunted, feeling the fabric around her torso wrapping tighter still against her bosom. “N-Not here! P-Please!”

And as though things couldn’t get any worse... they suddenly did.

“Hello? Is anyone here?” A stranger’s voice called...